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The Kenyon Collegian.

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No. II.

EDITORS:

G. S. BENEDICT,
H. W. CHIPMAN,

J. L. DAYMUDE,
C. M. STURGES.

HUGH MILLER'S LIFE.

(Concluded.)

Hugh Miller soon received a letter inviting him to come to Edinburgh and hold a consultation with the leading non-intrusionists; he went, and was thus able to gratify the wish he had long held, of seeing and hearing and knowing the most eloquent preachers of the world. There was Dr. Candlish, astute and logical in argument; Dr. McCrie, skillful, and possessed of great foresight in church politics; and there was Dr. Chalmers, with his giant intellect and powerful imagination, the most enthusiastic and popular of them all. Soon after Hugh Miller's return home, Cromarty was visited by the latter, who viewed under his guidance all the places of romantic interest in the vicinity—visited the mountains, examined the geological deposits situated there, rode in a boat on the bay; and winding amid the jutting rocks and investigating the outjuttings of their tall, jagged precipices, these two eminent men let loose the reins of their imaginations in conceiving of the untold ages which must have come and gone in their formation. The description which Hugh Miller

gives of Chalmers in one of these expeditions is scarcely equalled by any of his other unrivalled descriptions. "The mind of Chalmers was emphatically a many-sided one. Few men ever came into friendly contact with him, who did not find in it, if they had really anything good in them, moral or intellectual, a side that suited themselves; and I had been long struck by that union which his intellect exhibited of a comprehensive philosophy with a true poetic faculty, very exquisite in quality, though dissociated with what Wordsworth terms the 'accomplishment of verse.' I had not a little pleasure in contemplating him on this occasion as the *poet* Chalmers. The day was calm and clear; but there was a considerable swell rolling in from the German Ocean, on which our little vessel rose and fell, and which sent the surf high against the rocks. The sunshine played amid the broken crags atop, and amid the foliage of an overhanging wood; or caught, half way down, some projecting tuft of ivy; but the faces of the steeper precipices were brown in the shade; and where the waves roared in deep caves beneath, all was dark and chill. There were several members of the party attempting to engage the Doctor in conversation; but he was in no conversational mood. It would seem as if the words addressed to his ear failed at first to catch his attention, and that, with a painful courtesy, he had to gather up their meaning from the remaining echoes, and to reply to them doubtfully and monosyllabically, at the least possible expense of mind. His face wore, meanwhile, an air of dreamy enjoyment. He was busy, evidently, among the crags and bosky hollows, and would have enjoyed himself more had he been alone. In the middle of one noble precipice, that reared its tall pine-crested brow more than a hundred yards overhead, there was a bush-covered shelf of considerable size, but wholly inaccessible; for the rock dropped sheer into it from above, and then sank perpendicularly from its outer edge to the beach below; and the insulated shelf, in its green unapproachable solitude, had evidently caught his eye."

Soon however, Hugh, having resigned his post in the bank, and having bade adieu to his gratified family, among whom was his Uncle "Sandy," arrived in Edinburgh, and

took practically under his charge the "Witness," the editorship of which had before been formally offered to him. The labor was so much easier than he expected that he found plenty of time to pursue his scientific studies. As a result of these in a few months, he commenced a series of articles on the Geology of the country. They were afterwards published under the title of "Old Red Sandstone," and were graphic descriptions of the organic remains found in that deposit. In a short time, so popular had the "Witness" become, that it embraced among its contributors the finest literary talent in the State, and its circulation had so increased that his salary was doubled. Yet, though the "Witness" was the exponent of the views of a religious party, the editor never allowed the paper to sink into a mere party organ. He never advocated principles for mere party's sake, and though frequently pressed by his party leaders to advocate their views, he never descended from the cosmopolitan view, of taking his stand upon general principles. Yet, far above all other contributors loomed the illustrious editor. In criticism, in science, and in description, he equally surpassed all who came forward as competitors. Nor did he confine himself to religious questions; soaring aloft like the eagle, he pounced upon all whom he supposed to stand in opposition to the progress of true morality and science. At one time we see him dissecting, with a masterly hand, the peculiar and fascinating "heroes" of Carlyle; at another, we see him stripping the ideas of Dickens from their attractive apparel, and placing them forward in their true light, as destructive of religion; at another, we see him alighting fiercely upon the most vigorous and popular author of his age, and we see him not only prove the falsehood and prejudice of Macaulay, but to perform the work in a style more strong and vigorous than that of even this greatest of modern historians. We see him, too, contending warmly, and with telling effect, with the greatest politicians in the land; and we find him, when the evil day came that his church was obliged to apostatize itself from the State, taking, along with Chalmers, a place in the van, and by his efforts establishing it on a firmer foundation than that on which it was standing before. We find

him, too, taking a vigorous stand on the school question, and advocating the theory that each denomination should educate its own children. Indeed, in our own land such a course would find but few friends; but we must remember that Hugh Miller lived in Scotland, where the great principle of charity between churches had not yet been recognized; and we must remember that among a conservative people, and especially by a conservative man, innovation is considered with distrust. Yet, that in this case, he shows an error in judgment, and that he often treated those whom he criticised more harshly than was always accordant with kind feeling, is true. But in considering these faults, we should regard him as we do the rough unhewn diamond, in many respects the more valuable on account of its rough edges. For our own part, we look with distrust upon the smoothe, polished, conceding, and always prudent man. We would like to see more of his true character—would like to see at times a real burst of feeling; whether it be of indignation or of gratitude it equally shows that the man is capable of feeling.

Hugh Miller was thoroughly and honestly a Calvinist in all his religious views. Had he not been reared and educated in a country where Calvinism was exclusively believed, his habits of thought would have led him to this faith. With a firm faith in religion in all its parts, and at the same time possessing, through his scientific research, a knowledge of the invariable laws by which the Universe is governed. His logical mind and imagination led him directly to the belief in a Supreme Being, who held control of these laws, and who, from the beginning of time, had possessed cognizance of their most minute action on the works of His hand. Yet, though holding such views, he did not at the same time underrate the progressive powers of man, but gave him a future, if that be possible, more glorious than that of the angels. He was not in any manner a man such as Cowper thus vividly describes:—

“Religion in him intolerant, austere,
Parent of manners like himself severe,
Drew a rude copy of the Christian face,
Without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace.”

With the establishment of his church and principles on a firm basis in the hearts of the people, ended the necessity of Hugh Miller's mingling in a contest much more exciting than pleasant; much more conducive to popularity than to true eminence; and though the Paper remained, and still remains, the exponent of its party's principles, he who commenced and guided it to prosperity, retired to duties more in accordance with his taste; and, under his genius, destined to be productive of a far greater reputation to himself, and of far more advantage to the world.

So far, since his abandonment of his trade, the life of Hugh Miller had been one of continued prosperity; the bank, though unsuited to his taste, had prospered under his hands; the religious paper had doubled and trebled its list of subscribers; had changed, by its popularity, from a minority to a large majority, the evangelical portion of the Scottish Church, and had itself become the organ for the dissemination of the ecclesiastical and scientific knowledge of the most literary men in the British Empire. Thus, with a reputation already raised to a great height by his successful defence of his church principles—with a style rendered strong and figurative through the necessity of its direct action upon the people in newspaper matter, and his knowledge of what would most powerfully affect them, he retired from his post of Editor, and devoted himself exclusively to Science. "The Old Red Sandstone" had already, to some extent, appeared in the "Witness;" this he now revised and enlarged, and presented to the public as one of the most entertaining books ever written on Geology. The subject of the book is the organic remains of the "Old Red Sandstone" formation. Until that time this formation had remained as a kind of gap between formations on each side: the one, the coal-field, having its myriads of, and the one beneath containing far fewer, yet numerous, organisms. The "Old Red Sandstone" formation appears generally to have been deposited in such a way as to destroy the remains of those animals which perished during its deposition; and from this cause it had been believed to have been a period devoid of all animal life; but Hugh was fortunate enough, or rather, persevering enough,

to have discovered near Cromarty a place in which there was a vast number of organic remains in this formation, and among them some of the most remarkable that had ever been discovered. The *Pterichtys*, or a flying fish, which caught its prey both in and out of water; the *Osteolepis*, or fish whose head was covered with a bony shield; the *Cocosteus*; the *Cheirocanthis*; the *Diplacanthus*; and many others nearly as remarkable as these, had never before been known to Science. Some of the descriptions in the book are remarkable for their freshness and power. We cannot refrain from giving one passage, as better explaining, not only the object of the book, but the general formation of the Old Red Strata. After speaking of the storms just previous to this period, he thus proceeds:

“The period of this shallow and stormy ocean passed. The bottom, composed of the identical Conglomerate which now forms the summit of some of our loftiest mountains, sunk, throughout its wide area, to a depth so profound as to be little affected by tides or tempests. During this second period there took place a vast deposit of coarse sand-stone strata, with here and there a few thin beds of rolled pebbles. The general subsidence of the bottom still continued, and, after a deposit of full ninety feet had overlain the conglomerate, the depth became still more profound than at first. A fine, semi-calcareous, semi-aluminous deposition took place in waters perfectly undisturbed. And here we first find proof that this ancient ocean literally swarmed with life, that its bottom was covered with miniature forests of ‘algai,’ and its waters darkened by immense shoals of fish.

“In middle Autumn, at the close of the herring season, when the fish have just spawned, and the congregated masses are breaking up, on shallow and skerry, and dispensing by myriads over the deeper seas, they rise at times to the surface, by a movement so simultaneous, that for miles and miles around the skiff of the fisherman, nothing may be seen but the bright glitter of the scales, as if the entire face of the deep were a blue robe spangled with silver. I have watched them at sunrise, at such seasons, on the middle of Moray Frith, where, far as the eye could reach, the surface has been

ruffled by the splash of fins, as if a light breeze swept over it, and the red light has flashed in gleams of an instant on the millions and tens of millions that were leaping around me a hand-breadth into the air, thick as hailstones in a thunder shower. The amazing amount of life which the scene included, has imparted to it an indescribable interest. On most occasions the inhabitants of ocean are seen but by scores and hundreds; for in looking down into their green twi-light haunts, we find the view bounded by a few yards, or at most a few fathoms, and we can but calculate on the unseen myriads of the surrounding expanse, by the seen few that occupy the narrow space visible. Here, however, it was not the few, but the myriads, that were seen—the innumerable and inconceivable whole—all palpable to the sight as a flock on the hill-side; or at least, if all was not palpable, it was only because sense has its limits in the lighter as well as in the darker medium—that the multitudinous distracts it, and the distant eludes it, and the far horizon bounds it. If the scene spake not of infinity, in the sense in which Divinity comprehends it, it spake of it in at least the only sense in which man can comprehend it.”

Having thus drawn this splendid description, he compares the scene with one in the Lower Old Red, at a time so far back that we would little think, and if we did think, would little appreciate, “scenes so amazingly fertile in life as the one just described—oceans as thoroughly occupied with being as our frith and estuaries, where the herrings congregate most abundantly on our coasts;” and so life-like is his imaginative description, that we almost see, as in a picture, the myriads of fish which, with amazing confusion, must have rushed here and there through the tepid water of that time, with tremendous rapidity, in search of their prey. We can almost see the gaping jaws of monsters far more voracious than our shark, and we can almost see the terror with which the smaller fish would fly from the swift-coming destruction. We might multiply descriptions from this book which show the almost wondrous power of this man.

Soon after this, while he was still pursuing his investigations among the rocks, and multiplying his knowledge, and

giving breadth to his mind, "The Vestiges of Creation" came forth from the press, obtained an immense circulation, and wielded a vast influence upon the minds of its readers. The substance of this book was the development of Man from the lowest order of animals, making all the different races, and all the different species of animals, to descend from the same ancestors. It was the Development theory of La Marck, based on a broad induction of Science, and much beautified in style by a man of more powerful intellect. So skillfully were the facts arranged, especially those drawn from Geology, so specious were the arguments presented, and so contrary was it to relations of Scripture, that, unrefuted, its tendency would have been to destroy all Religion. To refute this book was the next great object to which Hugh Miller applied the vast knowledge of Science which a whole life, devoted to one department, had secured to him. With a power and earnestness equal to the occasion, he discussed each position of his opponent—showed that instead of each race having been introduced by one animal, which developed through its descendants, both in numbers and perfection, each of the races had been the most perfect in the beginning, that invariably, after a sufficient period had elapsed, it was the tendency of each race to die completely out, and that Nature did not, unless within certain limits, busy itself in perpetuating either the deformities or extraordinarily good qualities of races. These arguments were supported with great power of illustration and description, and with an amount of cutting ridicule which silenced, if it did not convince. Indeed, this book—The Footprints of the Creator—displays sometimes scarcely as much courtesy as should be shown between those equally engaged in the discovery of truth. There is the bitterness of the debater frequently substituted for the calm reasoning of the investigator; a little of art to seduce popular favor, instead of a calm resting on the strength of principle. Yet, perhaps in no other work has he so well displayed so great a variety of literary power. We find him in one place opening up his great store of scientific knowledge, and plainly detailing facts; again, we find him immersed in the deepest reasoning, and frequently coming out victorious; again, he is

launching forth on some grand piece of description, his sentences all glowing with the heat and fervor with which he is filled; again, he is overwhelming his opponent with ridicule and sarcasm; and again, he breaks forth into some noble apostrophe to the Supreme Being. The writer whom he opposed was, however, worthy such an opponent, and though Hugh Miller never made a more mighty effort, yet there is no one of his works which is left by the reader with less satisfaction. In some cases he misapplies the arguments of the author of "Vestiges," in others he seems to mistake the meaning and extent of certain passages. This is, perhaps, the only case, excepting while he was editor, that he was compelled to take sides, and his forensic power being great, it probably explains the cause of his virulency on this occasion. With opposition, came back the old, and formerly necessary habit, of using all weapons, in order if we could not conquer by argument, to silence by power and bitterness of sarcasm. Whether this was the case or otherwise, the book passed rapidly through edition after edition, until it had been read by all the intelligent of Great Britain and America. His reputation had, through it, reached to an enviable height, and his income sufficient to keep off care in reference to future want. And though some may have believed, as he himself expressed it in reference to Campbell's reply to Hume, that it was the popularity of his side that made his argument seem better, the great majority believed in the truth both of the side and of the argument advanced to support it.

Soon after this, being fatigued by the hard labor which his mind had undergone, he started on a trip to the Orkney Isles, in order both to continue his Geological studies and to regain his health. The result was a book called "The Cruise of the Betsy," in reference to the Geology of the Orkney Isles. It was not printed until after the death of its author, and probably to this circumstance it owes much of its present popularity. Like all of his works, it contains many specimens of the author's peculiar power, though in design and matter, such as will interest the general reader, it is inferior to all of them.

Upon his return from the Orkney Islands, he was invited to occupy a situation in a new sphere. The present system of public lectures, delivered throughout the land, by the most eminent men of their country, had just commenced to become popular. Hugh Miller's popularity as an author, and his great knowledge of the science of Geology, which at that time was attracting more attention than was attracted by any other science since the age of Newton and the great discoveries in Astronomy, gave him peculiar qualifications to fill such a position. He was invited and accepted invitations to deliver lectures in Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, and in many other large cities in England and Scotland. The one delivered in London, before the Young Men's Christian Association, was universally admired, and was translated into several languages, and received a very large circulation, both in Europe and America. This, with the other lectures thus delivered, form the great body of Hugh Miller's last and greatest work on Geology—"The Testimony of the Rocks." No where do we see so great a display of brilliant fancy and glowing rhetoric; no where so great an induction of facts and general information; no where so great power in the construction of theories based on fact. At one time he is detailing a simple, and in itself, uninteresting fact; at another, upon that fact he has traveled back to a period in the earth's formation so remote as almost to defy the power of the imagination to reach it. At one time he combats the progressive and earnestly advocated views of those who would subject all things to scientific law; at another, he is refuting and forever silencing the narrow and dogmatic views of those who in their pride of heart insist on the interpretation of both Scripture and Nature to suit their own prejudices.

The object of "The Testimony of the Rocks," was to give a philosophical history of organic life from its commencement, and to set forth the relation existing between the Geological and Scriptural history of the world. Commencing with the silurian rocks, he describes with remarkable power the animal and vegetable life as they existed in each period; defines accurately the time in which each species began to make its appearance, and what, from their forma-

tion, must have been its course on the earth. Then, taking the account of Creation as given in Genesis, he compares Geology with it. Supposing that day, as is frequently the case with the Hebrew word meaning day, was the expression for a long period, and that Moses, in a vision or in some other similar manner, must have seen this scene in the past, as the prophets foresaw events in the future. To this explanation of Creation there has been much and virulent opposition, both in America and Europe. There are some discrepancies, which, however clear they may have been to the author of the theory, have dissatisfied the more particular, both among the sceptical and the theological. The one party was not willing to grant the truth of a theory which classified the laws and facts of Nature upon what it deemed an arbitrary system, and to subserve a particular end; the other party was not willing to acknowledge the subserviency of Scripture to Science, and still more so, since they believed that the agreement between the two was somewhat arbitrary and strained. The account thus given of the first day's work was the subject of much discussion. On this day, the last thing mentioned in Genesis as done, was, "And God said, let there be light, and there was light;" afterwards, on the fourth day, it is mentioned, "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night; he made stars also." Hugh Miller reconciled these apparently contrary statements by saying that, though God made the Sun on the first day, owing to the liquid and boiling matter at the surface of the earth, and the thick vapor arising therefrom, it was not visible until the fourth, an explanation quite consistent with the idea of the process of Creation appearing to Moses in a vision. But unaided by a brilliant imagination and an intense desire to reconcile Science and Scripture, very few would be able to come to the same conclusion.

In the second day also, it is mentioned, "And God said, let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." This is explained by Hugh Miller in much the same way as the other,—that the

vapor rising from the boiling liquid below formed a great ocean of water in the higher regions of the atmosphere. This, too, has met with great opposition; yet, since it is the only way in which the passage quoted can be explained, it is generally received as the true theory by Christian men of science, while many others less learned in science, and especially theological writers, are disposed to reject it, and cling to the plain Scripture statement. That this theory, or one similar to it, is the true one, if Science agrees with, and is corroborative of, Scripture, must be evident to all who have investigated, or can investigate, truth in its various forms; and those who deny the theory must either throw aside Science as unworthy of credence, or deny the truth of Scripture and its divine origin. Those who deny the truth of Science, are far behind, and unworthy to live in, the present progressive age; those who deny the infallibility of Scripture, may be not only far in advance of their age, but be carrying what they consider the consequences of scientific discovery far into the bounds of falsehood and mysticism. Yet due honor should be paid to both classes. The one is strenuously opposing what it supposes to be the demon which is destructive of all truth and order; the other, looking back at the immense progress which Science has made, wishes to do away with, and believes to be untrue, any system which may serve to stop its progress in the future. The middle course is the safe one, and the only one which can combine progression with order; at the same time, check the hasty and oftentimes injurious innovations of the one, and give a severe rebuke to the slow conservatism of the other party. Thus it has happened that the great majority of men believe this theory of Hugh Miller to be true; and even if those parts of the theory concerning which there is now doubt, should in the future be discovered to be false, they will yet be prized as having given scope to some of the highest flights of imagination and most gorgeous descriptions which our language contains. We give one, which for fervor of language and grandeur of sentiment, we deem unsurpassed:

“During the Azoic period, ere life appears to have begun

on our planet, the temperature of the earth's crust seems to have been so high that the strata, at first deposited apparently in water passed into a semi-fluid state, became strangely waved and contorted, and assumed in its composition a highly crystalline character. Let us suppose that during the earlier part of this period of excessive heat the waters of the ocean had stood at the boiling point even at the surface, and much higher in the profounder depths; and further, that the half-molten crust of the earth, stretched out over a molten abyss, was so thin that it could not support, save for a short time, after some convulsion, even a small island above the sea level. What, in such circumstances, would be the aspect of the scene, optically exhibited from some point in space elevated a few hundred yards over the sea? It would be simply a blank, in which the intensest glow of fire would fail to be seen at a few yards distance. An inconsiderable escape of steam from the safety-valve of a railway-engine forms so thick a scum, that, as it lingers for a moment in the passing, opposite the carriage windows, the passengers fail to discern through it the landscape beyond. A continuous stratum of steam, then, that attained to the height of even our present atmosphere, would wrap up the earth in a darkness gross and palpable as that of Egypt of old—a darkness through which even a ray of light would fail to penetrate. And beneath this thick canopy the unseen deep would literally 'boil as a pot,' wildly tempested from below; while from time to time more deeply seated convulsion would upheave sudden to the surface vast tracts of semi-molten rock, soon again to disappear, and from which waves of bulk enormous would roll outwards, to meet in wild conflict with the giant waves of other convulsions, or return to hiss and sputter against the intensely heated and fast foundering mass, whose violent upheaval had first elevated and sent them abroad."

He, again, proves from Geology that each of the species was created at a distinct period, thus at the same time breaking down La Marek's theory of Development, and the generally received opinion of the universality of the Noachian Deluge. So great must have been the number of species at

that period, that the Ark could not possibly have contained them; and with this as a basis, and making allowance for the well known metaphorical character of language among the nations of the East, he supposes the flood to have been confined to a portion of Asia. This, like the theory of the world's creation, was met with a warm discussion on all sides; and yet, perhaps no other two theories promulgated during the present century have done so much for investigation and the advance of discovery as these. They excited the mind of the whole scientific and theological world to test the basis on which they rested. And though no definite decision as to their truth has ever yet been made, or probably ever will be made, yet by this means great light has been shed upon other less prominent, but not less important, departments of Science. The laws of polarization and heat have been more thoroughly investigated; the connection of the different bodies of the solar system have been more thoroughly tested; the relations of the different species of animals to each other and to the world, have been more accurately demonstrated; and above all, the remarkable unity of progression from Creation to the present time has been shown. Questions have been opened to further discussion which had long slept, and new ones are now in process of trial under the decisive tribunal of Science.

The labor bestowed upon the "Testimony of the Rocks," was immense. The active and powerful mind of the scientific hero was continually engaged in hastening the completion of his great work. He knew no rest; he lived in a constant state of excitement. Under the almost infinite stretch of his imagination his mind wavered—the spirits of which he had read and written seemed to hover around him—every thing about him seemed supernatural—the great mind which had delighted the world with its labor, broke—in a fit of madness caused by over-work, Hugh Miller took away his own life. Of that darling of his hopes, that upon which he had labored most unceasingly, and which far surpassed all that he had written in the past, he was never permitted to see the effect; before even the proof sheets were in the printer's hands, he was lying in the grave, and to the great work of his life was

added an account of his death, by another hand, before that work had seen the light of day. Truly could it be said—

“A star hath left the kindling sky,
A lovely northern light,
Many a planet is on high,
But that hath left the night.”

THE SONG OF THE BROOK.

Oh, list to the song of the babbling brook,
As it gently glides along.
For it tells of many a lingering look,
Of those now dead and gone.

It tells of the child who in innocence played,
Upon its pebbly brink,
It tells of the maid who musingly strayed,
To pluck the wild wood pink.

It tells of the mother, whose anxious care,
For the safety of her child,
Hath led her oft to its banks, to share
In its pleasures, meek and mild.

It tells of the father, daring and bold,
Who by its side did roam,
In summer's heat and winter's cold,
To feed the lov'd at home,

But these, alas, are dead and gone,
Yea, many and many more;
And still the brook glides gently on,
Along its pebbly shore.

Gambier, October, 1859.

ALPHA.

THE LOST VOYAGERS.

"Away, Away!" cried the stout Sir John,
"While the blossoms are on the trees;
For the summer is short, and the time speeds on
As we sail for the Northern Seas.
Ho! gallant Crozier, and brave Fitz-James!
We will startle the world, I trow,
When we find a way through the Northern Seas
That never was found till now!
A stout good ship is the 'Erebus,'
As ever unfurled a sail,
And the 'Terror' will match with as brave a one
As ever outrode a gale."

So they bid farewell to their pleasant homes,
To the hills and valleys green,
With three hearty cheers for their native isle,
And three for the English Queen.
They sped them away beyond cape and bay,
Where the day and night are one,—
Where the hissing light in the heavens grew bright,
And flamed like a midnight sun.
There was naught below save the fields of snow,
That stretched to the icy pole;
And the Esquimaux in his strange canoe,
Was the only living soul!

Along the coast, like a giant host,
The glittering icebergs frowned,
Or they met on the main, like a battle plain,
And crashed with a fearful sound!
The seal and the bear, with a curious stare,
Looked down from the frozen heights;
And the stars in the skies, with great wild eyes,
Peered out from the Northern Lights.
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Felt a doubt like a chill through their warm hearts thrill,
As they urged the good ships on.

They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
Where even the tear drops freeze;
But no way was found, by strait or sound,
To sail through the Northern Seas:
They sped them away, beyond cape and bay,
And they sought, but they sought in vain;
For no way was found through the ice around,
To return to their homes again.
But the wild waves rose, and the waters froze,
Till they closed like a prison wall;
And the icebergs stood, in the silent flood,
Like jailers, grim and tall!
O, God! O, God!—it was hard to die
In that prison house of ice!
For what was fame, or a mighty name,
When life was the fearful price?

The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
And even the stout Sir John,
Had a secret dread, and their hopes all fled,
As the weeks and months passed on.
Then the Ice King came, with his eyes of flame,
And looked on the fated crew;
His chilling breath was as cold as death,
And it pierced their warm hearts through!
A heavy sleep that was dark and deep,
Came over their weary eyes;

And they dreamed strange dreams, of the hills and streams,
And the blue of their native skies.

The Christmas chimes, of the good old times,
Were heard in each dying ear;
And the darling feet, and the voices sweet,
Of their wives and children dear.
But it faded away—away—away!
Like a sound on a distant shore;
And deeper and deeper came the sleep,
Till they slept to sleep no more!"

O, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child;
They weep, and watch and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier and the brave Fitz-James,
And the good Sir John, have found
An open way to a quiet bay,
And a port where all are bound!
Let the waters roar on the ice-bound shore,
That circles the frozen pole;
But there is no sleep, and no grave so deep,
That can hold the human soul.

With what prophetic beauty, were the foregoing lines penned five years ago. Poetic inspiration glancing into futurity, render them exquisite, and alas! too true. Never, perhaps, did an expedition start out under more auspicious circumstances, than that of Sir John Franklin. Ships of good old English oak, well furnished and provisioned; experienced officers, and stout hearted seamen; a prospect of honor and renown before them; the praise of their Queen and laudations of the world, were incentives to the performance of duty which none could resist. The necessary preparations were no sooner made, than they set sail upon their Arctic search. They started—but they sailed to certain death. Fourteen years have elapsed since the expedition was last seen, during which time the world has been in darkness as to its fate. But, at last the veil of mystery has been lifted by the daring hand of M'Clintock, and the enigma of their fate solved. Many mementos of the missing ones have been found, but the particulars of their struggles with "the black Angel of Death," will never be revealed. Could we be put in possession of these, what a tale of suffering would be unfolded! what a counterpart to the wondrous story of "Y Ancient Mariner"! How unlike in situation, yet experie

cing fully as acute horrors, as that haunted ship and doomed crew, which the supernatural fancy of Coleridge has so graphically depicted, as

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea."

No spectre "Albatross" hovered near them, flapping curses and revenge, in atonement for his unprovoked death, from his wings, but the "Ice King" encircled their numbed limbs with his frigid chain, until death released them from his cold embrace. Lieutenant Strain's almost unparalleled journey across the Isthmus, starvation staring him in the face, and gnawing at his very vitals; fatigue and exposure to the scorching rays of a tropic sun, depriving him of all hope of success in his undertaking, was blessed, in comparison to Franklin. *His* sun was only obscured to shine with increased brilliancy, when once again in a cloudless sky. *He* returned to the world which seemed lost to him forever, to forget his sufferings in the endearments of friends and kindred. Not so with Franklin. One disaster after another daunted the courage of himself and brave comrades. Fainter and fainter were their exertions to tear themselves from their inevitable fate. First their ships were sacrificed to the fury of the ice throes, and then came the death of the brave Sir John.

"And they dreamed strange dreams of the hills and streams,
And the blue of their native skies."

One by one, the remaining explorers laid them down to that sleep which knows no waking. Visions of home and kindred, and the thousand pleasures of "Merry England," in tantalizing vividness presented themselves to their imaginations. Mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts, stood before them; and the charming prattle of the little ones at home, greeted their ears. And then they thought themselves standing before their own lovely cottages, with their trellis work, overhung with clustering vines, and within all that was near or dear to them beckoning them to enter. But, some magnetic influence seemed to chain their feet, and as they were about to clasp the form of some loved one in their manly embrace, the vision faded away. They resisted long that

peculiar feeling of drowsiness incident to intense cold, but finally stretching their weary limbs upon their icy bed, they resigned themselves to its somniferous influence, murmuring,

"Oh ! sleep it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole."

But, who can paint the horrors of the last survivor. Something akin to those of Campbell's "Last Man," methinks. Cannibalism may have reduced him to the level of the brute. To be alone in that drear waste of ice and snow, with no human being within thousands of miles, except the inanimate forms of his dead companions. That feeling of utter desolation and loneliness must have overpowered him, for

"So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be."

There is no example on record of more complete devotion, than in the case of the heroic, faithful, "Lady Jane." Expedition after expedition have been sent out, solely or mainly through her instrumentality, to search for her lost husband. After the last ray of hope had been crushed out of the hearts of others, of ever hearing of the voyagers, she still cherished the feeling that at least their remains would be discovered. Nothing could eradicate this last glimmering chance of success from her woman's breast. Her whole heart and being were given up to this idea. Wealth, influence, time and talents were not spared; every thing did she willingly sacrifice to this noble purpose. England pitied and aided her. The whole civilized world sympathized with her sufferings. By her pleadings many gallant mariners fell victims to the Arctic winters, while searching for Sir John. Fourteen years did she suffer and hope, fearful to don the widow's weeds, lest their ominous sable hue should drape her heart in blackness. At length the world is startled with the report, that the remains of the Franklin expedition have been discovered. What a blessed word to Lady Franklin. Just as she was about to despair, the object of fourteen years of prayers and tears has been rescued from that fearful uncertainty, than which to know the reality is a blessing indeed. All honor

to the noble, high minded woman who would never desert her husband. To her be ascribed the credit of the discovery. Let not our admiration of the perseverance of the brave M'Clintock, detract from the praise which should be awarded her.

"O, the sailor's wife and the sailor's child;
They weep, and watch, and pray;
And the Lady Jane, she will hope in vain,
As the long years pass away!
The gallant Crozier, and the brave Fitz-James,
And the good Sir John have found
An open way, to a quiet bay,
And a port where all are bound."

THE HEART.

"He had a *heart* to do well."—SIDNEY.

Be not startled, gentle reader, at the caption of this article. We do not purpose treating of the anatomy and physiology of that important organ of the animal economy called the heart. It is of that invisible, spiritual heart, that great repository of so many strange and powerful emotions, and "out of which are the issues of life," that we now speak.

And what a subject for contemplation! What a strange diversity of hearts there are in the world! Shall we try an enumeration of them?

We say of one man, he has a *good* heart, and by this we mean, that he is one who sympathizes with suffering humanity, and who is often found relieving the distressed, and cheering on their way such as, by reason of sore conflicts, are becoming weary of life's journey. The good heart recognizes a brother even in the poor self-degraded inebriate, and has a hand to lift him from the gutter. Thank God that there are some good hearts in the world! Oh, how infinitely heavier would be life's burdens without them!

The opposite to this, is the *bad* heart; and Oh, what a heart is that! How rife with envy, and hatred, and malice, and every unholy passion! It differs in degree, if not in kind, from the wicked heart. The latter, though at "enmity

against God," and "deceitful above all things," may yet feel for human woes—may not be entirely dead to the sympathies of life. But the bad heart is more than wicked; it contemns not only the Creator, but also the creature. Corrupt itself, it is ever seeking the corruption of others within its influence. Would you see a bad heart fully portrayed? Ask Cicero to dissect for you that of Cataline: or, better, make the acquaintance of Iago. The bad heart! what a world of misery has it occasioned! How often has it plotted the betrayal of innocence, the estrangement of hearts, and the overthrow of domestic and social happiness! How often has it wronged the helpless orphan, and caused the widow's tears to flow! It is subtle in its operations, often presenting a fair exterior, and wins before it wounds. Beware! ye parents of the influence of bad hearts.

"A villain, when he most seems kind,
Is most to be suspected."

Kindred to the last, is the *hard, cruel* heart; the heart that can not only witness unmoved the tears, and hear without a sigh the groans, of a stricken brother, but can even inflict wounds, unnecessarily and without remorse, that time alone can heal. Its possessor is not always the hero of great crimes, the destroyer of many lives. Not every cruel heart throbs in the breast of a Nero; but woe to humanity, or to the brute, when the hand that wields the sceptre of power, moves in obedience to a hard and cruel heart! See those boys, needlessly torturing a poor dumb brute, which has no power to act, not even to speak, in self-defense. Is it not to be feared that they have cruel hearts? Will they not soon be found cruelly maltreating one of their own species—one who may lack physical courage to resent the injury? And when they get to be men, will they not oppress the poor, crush the weak, and tyrannize over their fellow men? Alas! that there should be so many cruel hearts in the world!

"O breasts of pity void! t' oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen!
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race."

There is a striking contrast between the heart last considered, and the one of which it is our pleasure now to speak, to wit, the *kind* heart. Happy is he who possesses, and they who enjoy the ministrations of, the kind heart. It is allied to the *good* heart, insomuch that the one implies the other; but the world, perhaps, recognizes a difference. The heart must be kind in order to be entitled to the appellation of good; but kindness may not be the predominant, certainly not the only, pre-requisite to goodness. We recognize the kind heart, not so much in great acts of benevolence, as in the still, small "charities that sweeten life." It betrays itself in looks and words. How sweet are the accents of kindness! Let the poet sing them—

"Kind words are like flowers of Spring sweetly blooming,
Along the drear margin of life's rapid stream,
To cheer the sad heart in its wearisome toiling,
And thrill it with joy like a sweet summer dream.

"Kind words are like innocent childish caresses,
That come from the lips of the dear ones at home,
And sweetly they cheer us as onward we wander,
And win us to goodness wherever we roam."

Allied to the last, is the *warm* heart, possessing a world of happiness within itself, and shedding a benign influence on all around. Who that has ever had a fond mother, does not know something of the warm heart? How overflowing with love—how like a gushing fountain of sweet waters! Would you know the warm heart? The ordinary salutation will betray it. You feel it in the hand that grasps yours. You see it in the eye as it beams upon you.

O, there is magic in the warm heart! But then all hearts are not warm and genial. There is, next, the *cold* heart; and we shiver as the word appears on the paper before us. Of all the hearts that we have enumerated, there is not another so unaccountable, so contrary to nature, as this last. That there should be bad, wicked, hard and cruel hearts, is not wonderful, when we consider the moral condition of man; but that there should be cold hearts in beings of so many and such intimate social relations, is an *anomaly* in nature.

Yet, there are such; and like the warm heart, their influence is felt. As an iceberg, floating into our seas, chills the air, so does the presence of a cold heart chill the social atmosphere.

Akin to this is the *little* heart; indeed, I am inclined to think them identical,—the *coldness* being a necessary condition of diminutiveness. Be this as it may, we know that the two qualities are often found united in the same heart.

The little heart has no room but for one object of love, and that is self.

How we all love its opposite, the *large* heart! We can not contemplate it without having a more exalted opinion of man. See the large-hearted man: how generous his look, how comprehensive his views, how noble his aspirations! Prejudice, deceit, craft, have no place in his breast.

There are yet many more hearts that might be added to those already mentioned, a few of which let it suffice barely to name.

The *cheerful* heart, ever full of sunshine, bright, cheery and happy.

The *sad* heart. O, how many sad hearts in the world! Hearts burdened, perchance, with some sorrow that the world knows not of. Its sorrow is one, it may be, which the world would least sympathize with, were it known. Cowper had a sad heart, and the world called him melancholy and splenetic. God and himself only knew the hidden cause of his heart-ache.

“Great sorrows have no leisure to complain:

Least ills vent forth, great griefs within remain.”

Speak gently to the sad heart. Thine may be light and happy, and thou mayest see no cause for thy brother's down-cast look and frequent sigh; but remember, there is an *inner life*, a silent, secret chamber, into which thine eye hath not penetrated.

What shall we say, finally, of the *pure* heart. What, but to iterate that which was said by Him “who spake as never man spake,”—“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” *This* is the heart, compared with which all others are inferior. It is the kind that beat in the bosoms of our

first parents, ere Disobedience poisoned virtue, and the kind
which dwelt in the breast of the Saviour when upon earth.
Well may the poet say of the man having such a heart:

“He’s honorable,
And doubling that, most holy.”

GLOOM AND CHEER.

GLOOM.

The brightest eye now beaming,
The fairest maiden bears,
Is but a fountain teaming,
With sorrow’s future tears.

The summer sun will brighten,
And lure us into rain ;
So beauty’s smile will lighten,
The path to future pain.

The rain, lured up in sunlight,
Falls from the heaven it nears.
Our hopes soar high in love light,
But fall to earth in tears.

The fickle tide of pleasure,
Thus ever ebbs and flows ;
And joy’s ecstatic measures,
Are preludes to our woes.

CHEER.

The tear’s but a libation,
Which we to past joys pour,
Before the blithe potation,
Of joys we hail once more.

Our tears and smiles are given,
As shower and sunshine are ;
Which borrow tints from heaven,
To paint their rainbows there.

Across the soul’s horizon,
Are *lunar* rainbows made ;
By joy’s and tear’s rich blazon,
In tints which never fade.

Our sorrows and our pleasures,
One strain play to our hearts ;
Woe pipes the minor measures,
And joy the major parts.

JEEMS HENRY.

THE WYANDOTTE CAVE, AND AN EXCURSION
THITHER.

I was spending the tedious weeks of the "long vacation," amid the heat, and dust, and noise, of one of our Western cities—tedious, I say, because the objects of vacation are rest, recreation, and enjoyment, and a large city, in the "heated term," is the last place in the world to find these. I had made partial arrangements, before leaving college, with one or two fellow students, for a pedestrian trip, through Kentucky, to the Mammoth Cave; all of whom, however, gave up the plan. I was determined to go somewhere, notwithstanding, and to go on foot, at least a hundred miles or so, of the distance. I liked walking—I wished to try my powers of endurance, and the novelty of the thing added its charm.

I had heard remarks, and had seen occasional newspaper items, about the Wyandotte Cave, and for some time had had a vague idea, that there was something of the kind, away off, somewhere, in the State of Indiana; and just about the time that I had given up my original plan, there appeared in one of the morning papers, a very interesting account of a visit, made by one of the Editors, and one or two friends, to this very Wyandotte Cave. I at once proposed a trip thither, to my friend G—, who sat opposite at the breakfast table, and he, having a few days to spare, very readily assented.

WHEREABOUTS THE CAVE IS, AND HOW TO GET THERE.

The Wyandotte Cave, is situated in Crawford Co., Indiana, on Blue River, about five miles above its confluence with the Ohio, and some thirty-five miles south-west from Louisville. The quickest, and easiest way to reach it from the eastward, is, by the fine packet steamers, from Cincinnati to Louisville—one hundred and fifty miles; thence, by a good daily boat, to Leavenworth, sixty miles further, and the remaining distance, some four or five miles, over a country road. Or, instead of taking the boat from Louisville, it is about as expeditious, and perhaps fully as pleasant, to go by stage, from New Albany, on the opposite side of the river, at the foot of

the Falls, to Corydon, about twenty miles, and the remainder of the way, some twelve miles, by private conveyance; the distance being about half as great by land, as by the River, as one will see, by a glance at the map.

We, however, intended to travel a portion of the way, on foot, and by a somewhat different and more direct route.

HOW OUR PARTY WENT TO THE CAVE.

I left Cincinnati, on the 12th of August, on the Regular Mail Packet, *Boston*, at 12 M., and reached Madison, Ind., one hundred miles below, about 8 P. M., the same evening. Four days later, my friend G—— joined me, and having secured another companion here, and the necessary preparations being made, we started the next afternoon.

We expected to "rough it," a good deal, before we got back, and had prepared our dress and equipment accordingly; and neither of us were afraid of hard fare, hard work, or weather. G——, was a stalwart youth of twenty, nearly six feet high, strongly and rather heavily built. His light brown hair was long and curling; his features finely cut, though large, and strongly marked; and his upper lip was adorned by a budding moustache, beneath which usually protruded a cigar. He was the Artist of the party, and found abundant occupation for his pencil. C——, my other companion, was a lad of sixteen, of slight, though muscular frame, and much the best traveler of the three, as we soon discovered. As for myself, imagine an individual, in figure rather between the other two, a few years older, and remarkable for nothing in particular, as to his appearance, or otherwise, except a liberal endowment of what the Yankees call, "a gift of the gab," and a consequent facility in making acquaintances by the way. We were dressed in suits of light, stout cassimere, heavy-soled shoes, and broad-brimmed straw hats; consulting comfort, much more than elegance. Each man carried, strapped upon his shoulders, a light knapsack, of black oil-cloth, containing three or four shirts, and a few smaller articles. A small hammer and chisel, for geological purposes, a stout walking stick, and an India rubber drinking cup, completed our equipment.

We left Madison, on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, intending to proceed across the country, in as direct a line as possible, to New Albany, and thence, changing our line of march, somewhat, to the Cave. The road led up the face of the bluff in a winding course, some three miles in extent before reaching the level table-land above, resembling very much, in its contortions and convolutions, the figure, used in the well-known game of "snake." At the summit, stands the little town of South Hanover, and a half-mile southwest, on a promontory, jutting toward the river—very much like Gambier Hill, only on a larger scale—is Hanover College. We got supper at the "Irwin House," and hastened on, for it was already dark, and we had still ten miles to walk to our destination that night. About 10 o'clock we reached Lexington, the County seat of Scott County, and began to felicitate ourselves with the anticipation of a comfortable bed, and a good night's sleep. It happened to be "Court week," however, and the little town was filled to overflowing. We could not get even a sofa, at the only hotel, and spent nearly an hour, without success, in trying to find lodgings at some private house. Finally, we gave up, in despair, and disgust, and since there seemed no alternative, concluded to sleep out of doors. We accordingly, chose a piece of heavy beech woods, about half a mile from the town, and laid ourselves down, with our knapsacks for pillows, under the shelter of a thick, and spreading tree. It was no great hardship to sleep out of doors, for it was a glorious moonlight night, and the weather, was warm and dry. No ornamented bed chamber, ever equaled ours, in magnificent beauty; and weary with our long walk, and lulled by the song of the katydids, our sleep was sound and refreshing, barring the annoyance of gnats, mosquitoes, and bugs innumerable. Returning to the Hotel, early in the morning, we breakfasted on ham, eggs, and corn bread, provided luncheon for the way, and started for the next town, sixteen miles distant. At noon, we halted, lunched, and laid ourselves down for a long siesta, under a spreading oak. About four o'clock, we resumed our march, and reached Charleston, the county seat of Clark County, in time for supper. By pushing rapidly on, we hoped to be able

to reach Jeffersonville, fifteen miles further, some time that night, but our unaccustomed muscles began to feel the effects of our travel, and we concluded to stop for the night, at a farm house, about half way. Our accommodations here, though in-doors, it is true, were not nearly as good, we all agreed, as those of the night before; but after a day's travel, on foot, in the heat of a summer's day, we found that the character of our accommodations was of little importance.

We reached Jeffersonville, in the middle of the next forenoon, dined, and remained there until late in the afternoon, as we intended going no further than New Albany, four miles down the River, that day. The face of the country which we had crossed, after reaching the brow of the bluffs, which overhang the Ohio, some four hundred feet in height, is as level and unbroken, almost, as a floor. From Madison to Lexington, appear the characteristic fossil, and limestone ledges, of the Lower Silurian rocks. At Lexington, we leave the limestone, and find a brittle, blue clay slate, which continues until within a few miles of Jeffersonville, where the limestone again appears. The forest trees are chiefly Oak, Beech, and the Black and Sweet Gums. The land is poor, and although a few good farms are seen, most of the clearings are small and half cultivated, and the habitations, miserable log cabins, while the inhabitants, are at least as wretched looking as their farms.

Jeffersonville is a town of some eight thousand inhabitants, situated opposite to Louisville, and bearing much the same relation to it that Covington does to Cincinnati, or Brooklyn to New York. The Indiana State Penitentiary is located here. From Jeffersonville to New Albany our road lay close to the bank of the river, giving us a fine view of the Falls of Ohio, and at one point, we could see at once the three cities of Louisville, Jeffersonville, and New Albany, together with Portland, which lies at the lower end of the Louisville Canal. About half way we found a thicket of underbrush, interspersed with stunted cedars, shading and concealing from view a smooth and rocky beach. It was the work of but a moment to divest ourselves of knapsacks and clothing, and to plunge into its clear, cool depths. Tired, heated, and dusty

as we were—*perhaps* we did'nt find it refreshing and delightful! Ah! the remembrance of it invigorates me now.

New Albany is a beautiful city, well built, and clean-looking, with a population of some twenty thousand. It is at the head of navigation on the Ohio for boats of heavy draught, and here repairs are made and engines built for a large proportion of the large lower river steamers.

We found that we could not reach the Cave in one day, on foot, and therefore took the stage for Corydon, arriving there about noon. After dinner we immediately pushed on towards our destination, on foot again. All the way from New Albany the road lies through a magnificent country, rich and well cultivated, but broken by high steep hills, from their peculiar shape appropriately called "knobs," with deep rich vallies between. One of these, distant from the Cave a few miles, rises to a height of two thousand feet, and is designated the "Pilot Knob." The formation here is the lower silurian, chiefly a compost and durable limestone, with occasional beds of sandstone strongly impregnated with iron, as is indicated by frequent patches of a deep red soil.

At Corydon we heard of a remarkable spring, which we could visit by going a mile or two out of our course, and as we had an hour or two to spare, we concluded to do so. We were well repaid. Passing around the base of a hill, along the bank of the Blue river, and through a corn field, we found ourselves in a large flat meadow, in the middle of which is a circular pool about fifty yards in diameter. From this the water boils up—at times with great violence, we were told—and escapes in a rapid stream about twenty yards wide and ten or twelve feet deep. The volume of water furnishes sufficient power for a dozen mills, and is actually employed for one large saw mill, which stands at its junction with Blue river. The depth of the fountain itself has never been ascertained. We could detect no peculiarity in the water by the taste, excepting the usual "hardness" caused by the presence of carbonate of lime. Its temperature was about 55 degrees, and we were told, is nearly uniform throughout the year.

Crossing the river, and descending the western bank, after a walk of five miles we reached the house of Mr. Rothrock,

the proprietor of the Cave. The house and its out-buildings stand in a nearly circular valley formed by a bend in the river on one side, and a semi-circular sweep of the hills on the other in the opposite direction. In front of the house is a beautiful lawn and orchard, nearly surrounded by what appears at first to be a natural rampart, but which on closer inspection we were convinced was an ancient fortification, and the conviction was strengthened by observing one of those peculiar conical mounds so numerous throughout the Mississippi valley, situated within the enclosure. About a quarter of a mile from the house is a flour and saw mill, also the property of Mr. Rothrock.

We spent the evening in conversation with the old gentleman, who told us that he left Syracuse, N. Y., in 1819, at which time there was but a single house there. He settled on this spot at once, and has lived there ever since. He owns about 3,800 acres of land, keeping some 400 acres in cultivation, and with this and his mill, he said he had made and was making money enough. He is now about seventy, but as active and strong as most men at half his age, and as keen a shot with the rifle as ever. He told us "he didn't want to be bothered with visitors to the Cave, but they would come to see it, and he couldn't get rid of them;" so that he built the large house which he now occupies, and with his kind hearted, amiable lady, and his numerous sons and daughters, entertains them in hospitable country style. He said he had had as many as sixty at one time beneath his roof. Twelve of his children are living, and all are either at home or within rifle shot around.

THE WYANDOTTE CAVE.

We arose bright and early next morning, dispatched a hearty breakfast, and announced our readiness to enter the Cave. We waited an hour or two, however, for three gentlemen from Leavenworth; and then, with two guides and two young men living in the vicinity, proceeded to the entrance. Myself and companions were dressed in our traveling clothes, which presented a sorry appearance enough when we emerged

again. The others had donned apparel suitable for the purpose, and were truly a grotesque and motley company. Each man carried a common star candle, much better, as we found, than lanterns or torches.

About three miles of the Cave has been known since the settlement of the country, and was formerly worked extensively for saltpetre. This portion is called the *Old Cave*. In 1850, the entrance to the *New Cave* was discovered by the present proprietor, Mr. H. P. Rothrock, since which time it has been explored a distance of sixteen miles additional, and the whole accurately surveyed and measured.

Entering a narrow door on the side of a hill, just large enough to admit a man, and descending a few steps, the cavity begins to widen, and we enter a fine arched passage, called "Arched Entrance." From the outer entrance to the entrance of the new Cave is three-fourths of a mile, and contains three fine dome-shaped chambers, called "Fanueil Hall," "Columbian Arch," and the "Normal School." On the ceiling of one of the loftiest passages, an incrustation was pointed out to us, which is considered to bear a striking resemblance to the features of Washington; but it certainly is a tolerably correct, though gigantic and grotesque likeness. From this, the whole passage is named "Washington Avenue." Beyond the entrance to the New Cave, this avenue contains nothing of especial interest, until, reaching the end of its winding course, a spacious rotunda opens upon the sight, its ceiling covered with immense stalactites, and the floor with stalagmites of corresponding size. One of these, an enormous white column, is thirty feet in height and seventy-two feet in circumference! It is called the "Pillar of the Constitution," and the hall itself the "Senate Chamber."

The entrance to the New Cave is kept locked, and visitors are forbidden to carry out specimens. Descending a steep and low passage some forty or fifty feet, we enter a wide apartment, just high enough to stand upright in, which is called "Bats' Lodge," its ceiling in winter being completely covered with multitudes of bats. Passing on through the "Counterfeiter's Trench," we reach "Rugged Mountain," a steep acclivity of huge rocks piled in "confusion worse con-

founded." A few steps farther brings us to the "Rotunda," and the "Coon's Council Chamber," both which are fine dome-shaped apartments, adorned with stalactites and a fine fresco of incrustations. From this point, a walk of a quarter of a mile over a level sandy floor, through a spacious corridor, called "Sandy Plains," leads to the foot of a rugged ascent appropriately called the "Hill of Difficulty." At the summit is the entrance to "Wallace's Grand Dome," an immense rotunda, three hundred feet in diameter, and two hundred and forty-five in height. The dome-shaped ceiling is adorned with concentric circles of stellassic incrustations, forming a beautiful fresco of magnificent proportions. Here and there depends an enormous stalactite, and beneath each one rises a stalagmite of corresponding magnitude, formed by its dripings. In the centre is a huge pile of broken masses of rock, rising to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet, crowned with immense stalagmites. One of these, a pure white column, is called "Lot's Wife," and at a distance, strikingly resembles a veiled figure. From a crevice in one of the walls issues a small spring, strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen.

From Wallace's Grand Dome we creep through a round hole scarcely two feet in diameter, descending at an angle of about forty-five degrees, wetting our clothing through with the trickling water, and covering them with mud and slime. It is humorously and aptly called the "Augur Hole." Beyond this, opens a scene of surpassing beauty. Passing onward for about one-fourth of a mile, through an avenue covered with beautiful incrustations, we come to "Spade's Grotto," and just beyond is the "Hall of Ruins." Leaving this, we traverse a long and lofty corridor, called the "White Cloud Passage." We uttered an involuntary shout of admiration as we entered it, and all agree that it is the finest thing in the Cave. The lofty ceiling is formed of smooth, undulating masses of rock, covered with a delicate, snow-white incrustation, strikingly resembling, in the faint light of our candles, the fleecy masses of cumuli which float in the summer atmosphere.

It may be well to remark here, that until reaching the Auger Hole, all the incrustations are stallassic, being composed of carbonate of lime. Beyond the Auger Hole, the character of the rock changes, and we find instead of the familiar limestone of the lower silarian, a peculiar variety, which, though it evidently belongs to the same formation, has a well-marked oolitic character. From this crystallizes a crust of gypsum, assuming the most exquisite forms conceivable, and imitating with startling exactness, the shapes of organic life. From time to time the old crust falls off, and is replaced by a new one. These cast off crusts decompose into a dark colored loamy substance, forming mounds of pure gypsum in quantities sufficient to fertilize a county. From these crystallize new forms. Out of these beds shoot multitudes of needle-shaped crystals, perfectly transparent, and of every size, from one-fourth of an inch in diameter to the fineness of a hair. I measured one about the thickness of a fine cambric needle, which was nine inches long.

Masses of magnesian limestone also occur, and in the vicinity of these are found quantities of the sulphate of magnesia, or common epsom salts.

Resuming our march, a short walk brings us to the "Bishop's Pulpit," a lofty and magnificent rostrum commanding a wide and splendid amphitheatre. The next object of interest, and a considerable distance onward, is "Calypso's Island." The Cave branches here into two passages, uniting again a hundred yards or so beyond, the space included being termed not inappropriately an island. Just beyond is "Cerulean Vault," a very lofty, vaulted passage, the smooth bluish rocks which form its ceiling bearing no very faint resemblance, in the dim light, to the expanse of the sky. Proceeding onward for some distance over a difficult pathway composed of jagged and pointed rocks, appropriately called "Rugged Pass," we reach a series of arched chambers, which are perhaps the most interesting objects in the Cave. We enter in succession the "Chapel," "Vestry," and "Parsonage," long and lofty colonnades, with fretted ceilings of great beauty. Just beyond is the "Junction," the entrance to an avenue which leads off south-eastward from the main one.

Entering this, we pass through the "Frost King's Chamber," the "Icy Palace," and "Queen Mab's Retreat," the latter a liliputian pavilion of snow-white crystals, at the end of a small and narrow recess. At the "Icy Palace," the avenue branches due northward, extending a full mile; passing along the "Snowy Cliffs," and through "Marble Hall," "Sylvan Arcade," "Beauty's Bower," and the "Fairy Palace," each excelling its predecessor in exquisite beauty. It is impossible to convey in language, an adequate idea of the surpassing beauty of this locality. The walls and ceiling are covered with snow-white crystals of gypsum, whose delicate tracery and endless variety art or imagination never equalled.

Returning to the main avenue, we proceed nearly a mile farther through a passage of no especial interest, excepting some foot-prints in the soft clay of the floor, said to have been discovered when the Cave was first explored. They are supposed to have been made by Indians, and there at least seems no improbability in the conjecture. They are evidently made by a moccasined foot, and the toes turn inward, a well known peculiarity in the Indian gait. One or two other circumstances render it probable that the Cave was known to the Aborigines. Throughout its extent are found bits of hickory bark, which on examination are found to be charred at the ends. The supposition is that the Indians used them for torches, dropping the fragments when burnt short. There are also in some parts of the Cave, seams of flint and layers of flint nodules, and wherever there had been the slightest projecting surface or angle, the flint has been broken and chipped off, the useless fragments still lying on the spot, and the suitable pieces doubtless used for arrow and spear heads.

At one side of this passage is the mouth of a deep cavern called the "Den," a hideous looking place enough. One-fourth of a mile farther is the "Ship Argo," bearing a striking resemblance indeed to a vessel on the stocks, and about the same distance beyond is "Crawfish Spring," in which are usually found small eyeless crawfish, white and translucent. We examined the crevices and turned over the stones in the bottom for some time, but did not succeed in finding any.

At this point "Wabash Avenue" branches, which we did not explore.

Returning to within a mile of the outer entrance, we entered a branch extending due southward. Passing down this several hundred yards, we enter a long low passage called "Creeping Avenue," in one place so low that it is necessary to creep on the hands and knees a distance of at least a hundred yards. Beyond this the avenue separates into two branches, uniting again at the distance of a mile, the part enclosed being called the "Continent." Just beyond is an exquisite miniature throne and pavilion, formed of diminutive fluted stalactites and stalagmites. It is called "Queen Mab's Throne."

The guide now informed us that we had seen the finest portions of the Cave, and as we had walked, crept and climbed some fifteen miles, we concluded to return.

A singular sensation is experienced on emerging from the Cave. The air within is perfectly inodorous, from the entire absence of organic matter, and the sense of smell becomes so sharpened by remaining in it for several hours, as to distinguish with ease the peculiar odors of not only the plants crushed under foot, but also those exhaled by the cedars, oaks, and almost all the trees. Our faces, too, from so long an absence of the light of day, had lost every vestige of color, and we looked like a company of animated corpses or waxen figures. The temperature of the Cave is uniform, seldom varying more than half a degree from 54 degrees. In places are perceptible currents of air, which change their direction according as the external air is colder or warmer than the Cave. It is called a dry Cave, in contradistinction to the Mammoth Cave, which contains large streams of running water. The Wyandotte Cave is wet and muddy in places, but contains no running streams, and but three small springs, from which the water trickles in drops.

We remained at Mr. Rothrock's the next day, (Sunday,) and early on Monday morning started on the return trip. We reached Louisville about 10 o'clock next day, and as the roads were very bad from heavy rains during the preceding night, concluded to make the best of the way home by steamer.

We left G. in Louisville, who had business there, dropped C. at Madison, and I arrived in Cincinnati, strong, hearty, and sun-burned, just ten days from the time I started. We all agreed that the trip had been delightful, and declared our readiness for just such another next summer.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

BURIAL OF HOMER.

So long a time has elapsed since the burial ceremonies of "old Homer" took place, that our not over-retentive memory may fail us in some particulars; and on this account we crave the kindly forbearance of our readers should we make some mis-statements in detailing the obsequies of this lamented personage. Long ere Commencement Day arrived, cards of invitation were issued and circulated by the Committee of Arrangements; and everything indicated that the "newly-fledged" Sophs intended surpassing the former Class in this ceremony of their own institution. Upon Wednesday evening, June 29th, as the audience which had listened to the Rev. F. T. Brown's Address, and the presentation of Society Diplomas, was dispersing, their attention was arrested by the approach of a torch-light procession, arrayed in the most grotesque and fantastic manner imaginable, which defiled up the path leading to Rosse Chapel. Immediately in front of the Chapel steps was placed a blazing keg of tar, in front of which the procession, in the following order, halted:

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY.

BAND.

SENATE.

ORATOR AND POET.

PRIEST'S ESCORT.

GREAT HIGH PRIEST.

BEARERS. † BEARERS.

MRS. HOMER. A. VIRGIN(IUS).

FA(I)R "DARTERS."

MISS PHILOMEDUSA.

MISS HIGH S(I)FYER LEE.

COUSINS.

GRAND(D)AMS AND A(U)NTS.

Under the marshalship of "ye mighty Hoosier," personating his "Infernal Majesty," tail and all, the Class of '62 proceeded to the regular Exercises. The Orator and Poet having taken their positions upon either side of the steps, and order being regained, after several musical *attempts* from the band, the Great High Priest offered up an exceedingly appropriate prayer to Pluto; after which the Class joined in a song composed for the occasion, to the tune of "Benny Havens, O!" During these "infernal orgies," whose effect was heightened by the lurid flames shooting up from the tar barrel, throwing ashes and cinders into every one's face, and which sundry individuals endowed with a most vivid imagination, persisted in declaring threw out an odor very like sulphur and brimstone, His Majesty the Devil endeavored to preserve proper order and decorum, by his torch and *tail*. The first *Literary* exercise upon the programme being a Poem, *Extracted from A "Keeler,"* an effusion was read which met with rapturous applause—particularly on the part of the Class itself. We feel our utter inability to do any thing like justice to this *frantic* effort, and consequently forbear comment. After a short interlude, the Funeral Oration was delivered by A Dot(y), and this address exhibited very similar features to the Poem, and accordingly we withhold any criticism. Various solos and duets were interspersed through the entertainment, varied occasionally by instrumental music. After the "Dead March," the Burial Ceremony was performed by the Great High Priest, frequently interrupted by the heart-rending sobs and inconsolable grief of the mourners; Mrs. Homer and Miss Philomedusa gave vent to their anguish by repeated and most *melancholy* ejaculations.

expressive of their sorrow. All that was mortal of the lamented Homer was then burned upon the funeral pile, the Class chanting the following dirge at the Pyre, to the tune of "62½ cents."

Cheer, boys, cheer! our Freshman life is ended,
Our griefs and greenness fade to-night away;
Cheer, boys, cheer, Old Homer's bones are blended
Beneath the sod, and with his parent clay.
Backward to scenes where days of grief once found us,
Sad memory flies with cropped and bruised wing;
"O, POPPOI!" scans the mighty havoc round us,
Of hopes, of joys, of "*ponies*"—every thing.

Cheer, boys, cheer! now heaven is smiling o'er us,
Hope gilds the gloom that o'er our hearts was cast,
Cheer, boys, cheer! blind Homer cannot bore us,
We've got him safe in Hades now, at last.
Cheer, boys, cheer! there's bright and *moony* weather,
To lure us on, and hope to lead the way;
Long days will pass ere we 'gain meet together,
Then, cheer, boys, cheer! for the long expected day.

Cheer, boys, cheer! let not one word of sorrow
Bedim the joy that animates to-night;
Old Homer's dead, and ne'er will see the morrow,
Nor we our beds, till by the morrow's light.
Cheer, boys, cheer! this night we'll give to pleasure.
Few, in life's journey, are the nights like this;
Cheer, boys, cheer! we'll drink it at our leisure;
Fill we our cups with "*broth*," our hearts with bliss.

The programme announced that the "midnight revellers" would then adjourn to a banquet of "Omnivori Sow;" not being among the invited guests, we cannot testify as to whether this was carried out, but taking the "Omnivorous" character of the Sophs as a criterion, we should think they did full justice to the edibles. The whole performance was decidedly "rich," and was a source of great amusement to spectators. Especially is it to the credit of the Class of '62, that all, without exception, entered into the spirit of the burial, and as far as we have observed, it seems to be a characteristic of this Class to carry out any thing in this line which it undertakes.

The Burial of Homer is to Kenyon, what the Burial of Euclid is to Yale; with perhaps the slight difference that nothing improper, or that is calculated to offend, finds a place with us, while the Yalensians are subject to discipline on this very account.

So long as this *mock interment* is not carried beyond reasonable limits, it will afford a vast deal of fun to those visiting us during Commencement week, and allow Freshies an opportunity of giving vent to their overcharged feelings upon attaining the dignity of "wise fools." We cannot conscientiously close our very meager account of the "Burial of Homer," without subjoining the following

SONG.—BY THE CLASS(E).

Come gather all ye tearful Sophs,
And stand around the ring;
Old Homer's dead, and to his shade,
A requiem we'll sing;
Then join the mournful chorus all
Ye friends of Homer true;
Defunct, he can no longer bore
The Class of '62.

Though we to Pluto *dedicate*,
Yet he will soon return;
The blind old man with his "*ox(h)eyed*,"
One year from now shall burn.
For trembling Freshies soon will have
To "scan" his visage too;
Oh then how they will long to be
The Class of '62.

Then let upon his "funeral pyre"
His ashes be received;
And do not "check your tears," but let
Old Homer be "*well greaved*."
Heap o'er him lightly, then, the earth;
Hiss "*feet*" will ne'er come through,
To kick, to push, to bruise, to bore
The Class of '62.

Editors' Table.

STUDENTS, generally speaking, are very conservative in their notions. They are great sticklers for "precedents established," and oppose any change in their old customs. Although, perhaps this element in their organization is unabated in its opposition to reform, still a great change, and one as we think for the better, has been wrought in the Literary Societies connected with our Alma Mater. The admission of invited guests during the performance of Literary Duties, is calculated to obviate many evils connected with the former system. To carry out still further this step, recently taken, we subjoin a list of the officers of the two Societies, for the session ending Dec. 15th, 1859.

PHILOMATHESIAN.

President—CHARLES M. STURGES.

Vice-President—JOSEPH W. COOK.

Secretary—THOMAS BROWN.

Assistant Secretary—MATHEW M. GILBERT.

Treasurer—JOHN L. JOHNSON.

Assistant Treasurer—OTHO H. FRYER.

Librarian—JOSEPH W. COOK.

Assistant Librarian—A. B. PAYNE.

Historian—H. M. HERVEY.

Reader—W. C. ELLIS.

CRITICS.

SAMUEL GRIFFIN.

HENRY W. CHIPMAN.

HENRY M. HERVEY.

NU PI KAPPA

President—GEO. S. BENEDICT.

Vice President—MATTHEW TRIMBLE.

First Critic—MURRAY S. DAVIS.

Second Critic—W. NEIL DENNISON.

Secretary—W. D'ORVILLE DOTY.

Sub Secretary—JOHN T. BOND.

Treasurer—N. Y. KIUNG.

Librarian—W. A. BULLIT.

Assistant Librarian—JAMES T. KILBOURNE.

Censor—V. INGRAHAM.

A high toned Class spirit is a great thing. Not a bragging, sputtering exaltation of Class into a divinity, a spirit which allows no excellency to any other thing than itself, and raises its altitude by trampling under foot the

good qualities of others, but a spirit of earnest, healthful Class emulation, and hence of Class unity and friendship.

Men who have passed through the vicissitudes of student life, tell us that the purest and most lasting friendships which they ever formed, were contracted while in College. Common aims, tastes and objects are perhaps the basis of most friendships; and if so, there is no matter for wonder that this should be so. Here are gathered together upon a footing of social equality, men, representatives of almost every state in our wide extended land. The same Floor or Division contains, perhaps, dwellers from North, South, East and West. Vermont and Louisiana walk up the Park, arm-in-arm, while Cuba and Ohio, with heels in friendly proximity upon the table, chat of the probable destiny of the "Gem of the Antilles."

The plan of Class Elections, we think, adds much to this proper spirit of Class independence and unity. In the first place it gives an impetus to enterprise, from the very fact of organization. A man with his working clothes on, shovel in hand, is apt to feel like work. In the same way a Class organized with officers, committees, etc., is much more liable to engage in matters of College enterprise, than one without such a system of officers.

Again, such an organization tends to draw together the different members of a Class in a closer relation than that usually existing between class-mates in general. There are in every Class, more or less, men who through some peculiarity of mind or disposition, never in the common run of things get *en rapport* with their fellows. Some how they seem to live in an outside community, cold and cheerless as the orbit of Neptune. An efficient Class organization, has the effect, we think, to interest and arouse such men. They are entrusted with the confidence of their class-mates as members of committees and as Class officers; thus become engaged in schemes for the advancement of Class interest, and eventually rub off the rust which covered their social nature.

Did space permit, we could show many other reasons equally conclusive in their character.

We have been led into this long and, we fear, dry dissertation, by the perusal of the list of Class Officers, elected for 1859-'60; which, according to the custom of College Magazines, we append below without further comment.

SENIOR CLASS.

GEORGE S. BENEDICT, *President*.

A. N. WHITING, *Secretary*.

H. W. CHIPMAN, *Historian*.

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

C. M. STURGES,

H. W. CHIPMAN,

H. M. HERVEY,

JOSEPH PACKARD, Jr.,

SPENCER FRANKLIN.

JUNIOR CLASS.

JOHN NORRIS, *President*.

W. NEIL DENNISON, *Vice Pres. and Treas.*

M. M. GILBERT, *Secretary*.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

P. B. VAN TRUMP, *President*.
 ARTHUR M. KINZIE, *Vice President*.
 WILLIAM D. DOTY, *Secretary*.
 JOHN CROWELL, Jr., *Treasurer*.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

E. P. STURGES, Jr., *President*.
 A. D. ROCKWELL, *Vice President*.
 E. L. STANTON, *Secretary*.
 EDWARD DOLLAWAY, *Treasurer*.
 JAMES A. SEARIGHT, *Historian*.

A QUERY FOR NATURALISTS.--Situated on Road River--an inlet of the Chesapeake--is an extensive and beautiful enclosure, known as "Cedar Park." In this park has been kept for several successive generations, a herd of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred fallow deer; and what is a very strange fact, and one worthy of the attention of naturalists, notwithstanding the vast number of antlers that are shed there annually, not one has ever been discovered, either lying in the park or on the adjacent grounds. Persons residing in the vicinity have repeatedly assured the writer of this fact, without being able to account for it. The owner of the park himself, now an old man, has frequently watched the stags, about shedding time, in order to discover, if possible, what disposition they made of their horns, but without success. Query: Has the same thing been observed in reference to other herds? If so, how has the disappearance of the antlers been accounted for? Will some one, conversant with the English, or other parks in which deer are kept, answer these queries?

Speaking of Road River reminds us of several delightful boating excursions on its placid bosom. Of one, in particular, which we had the honor and pleasure of sharing with Dr. M——, whose beautiful summer residence crowns the Eastern bluff, and mirrors its castle-like form in the calm surface of the water below.

It was a ride which we shall not soon forget. The lovely June morning, the beautiful scenery of the cove, and the grander view of the Chesapeake in the distance, the conversation of our intelligent companion, who pointed out new beauties at every turn, and "last but not least," the jolly good nature of our oarsman—a sable of the true ebony hue—all conduced to render the excursion one long to be remembered by us. But no mere description of it could impart to the reader any share of our enjoyment. One must stand upon the shore of the Chesapeake, take excursions upon its numerous inlets in plain view of it, but distant enough to "lend enchantment to the view," in order to appreciate its beauty. Some might prefer riding upon the *bay itself*; for our part, we have certain *gastric* scruples against venturing far from *terra firma*.

THE LONE GRAVE.—While on this excursion it was proposed by the Dr. that we visit "The Lone Grave," of which, as our earsman pulled towards it, we were favored with the following interesting account :

On the 19th of March, 1685, an English officer, temporarily residing on the south bank of the river, accompanied by his lady, attempted to cross over to the opposite shore in a small skiff. By some mishap, the skiff upsetting, the officer was drowned ; while the lady—thanks to the age, being one of hooped skirts—floated safely to land. (Here is an argument for you, ladies, better than either of those given in the Spectator twenty-six years after.) Having seen the remains of her husband buried beneath a tree a few rods from the place where he was drowned, the lady returned to England and sent over a rude slab of granite, bearing a very unique inscription, to be laid over his grave.

Arrived near the spot, we left our boat, and with our curiosity excited to the highest pitch, proceeded to the celebrated tree. We found it a huge elm, with branches stretching far out, as if to guard the sacred spot, and evidently of many centuries growth. Having taken a memorandum on the spot, we are able to give below a *verbatim et literatim* copy of the epitaph, leaving our readers to decide to which one of the great English authors of two centuries ago, it is to be referred !

Here lyeth the lady of Maj. THOS. FRANCIS, who
deceased the 19 of Mar. Anno 1685. Aged 42 years.

Tha more in Silence I am Lowly Laid
Ha tis that place for mortalls made
O therefore doe not thou thyselfe more grieve
Mourne you noe more but doe yrselle Believe
And then I hope you plainly see
Such future Comforts as are keeping me
For this grim death thought fitt to parte us here
Rejoice and think that we shall once appear
At that great day when all shall summonds be
None to be exempted in this eternitie
Cause then its soe grieve you no more
Im fear that God should the afflict most sore
Even to death and all to Let you see
Such grieves to him offensive bee

We have just recovered from the effects of one of those *Oases* in College life, a Holiday. In truth, days for recreation have become so exceedingly scarce with us, of late, as to be esteemed a great luxury ; and we are glad to see that the day given us to attend the Knox County Fair, has become an

established "Institution." The Fair passed off very pleasantly, and the returned Kenyonites, expressed much satisfaction at the day's proceedings. Speaking of Holidays, reminds us of the fact, that the Twenty-Second of February, during the day, is an exceedingly dull affair. Why cannot something interesting to all be gotten up? The "Transparencies" are, as a general thing, completed before that time, and there are many not employed, who might contribute their time and *talents*, to getting up a *day entertainment*.

Tournaments, Goose Pullings, Fantastics, and other amusements, too numerous to mention, are neither impossible, or difficult to arrange. Let some philanthropic individual, of the genus homo, take this to heart, and provide something next Washington's Birth Day, which will contribute to our enjoyment.

THE students of Kenyon and residents of Gambier, will probably be interested to know, that the initiatory steps have been taken in establishing a *reading room*, where newspapers and periodicals will be constantly at the disposal of the public, subject to such regulations as shall be deemed advisable, and which will be mentioned hereafter. The need of such a place where the student may for a half hour or so, forget the "little world" in which we live, and by familiarizing himself with the current news, learn what is transpiring in the commercial, political and social worlds, we have long felt, but never acted upon until the present term. Our isolated position renders it particularly necessary, that what we lack in direct intercourse, should be made up in frequent communication by mail.

The "Kenyon Reading Room" will be under the control and direction of the Senior Class, who solicit the assistance and co-operation of all who feel interested in the project.

Contributions of newspapers, periodicals or funds, will be thankfully received. The location—hours of opening, and other necessary arrangements, are not yet decided upon. Our readers, however, will be duly informed as matters progress.

We would urge upon our fellow students to furnish contributions, literary as well as pecuniary, to the "Collegian." The Virginia University Magazine says pithily, that their publication is "meant to be written for, and not to be read." We might, perhaps, object to endorsing this sentiment in its full force; but there is no doubt but that one of the most important ends which a College Magazine subserves, is to present a vehicle wherein the as yet unprinted student-writer may view his productions embalmed in "immortal types," and profit by the practice and experience thus acquired.

We should like, also, to receive literary articles from the Graduates of our Institution, from former students, and, in a word, from all who have the interests of the Magazine and of Kenyon College at heart. The Editors are desirous of maintaining a high literary standard in the Collegian, but unless assisted by their fellow-students, and the other friends of the publication, this will, of course, be very difficult to do.

Articles upon the usual topics of literary interest, Reviews, Poetry, Sketches of College Life, and Incidents from the past history of the Institution, will all, if possessed of literary merit, be willingly and gladly receiv-

ed. Anonymous articles, if approved, will be published ; and those whose modesty would forbid a tender of their contributions *in propria persona*, can thus place the shield of nonentity between themselves and the editorial phalanx.

Articles should be written upon one side of the paper only, proper names and Latin phrases plainly spelled, and the manuscript generally, legible and neat. All articles must be handed in before the 15th of the month preceding.

We are never more forcibly impressed with the truth, that college life is a *great leveler*, than at the beginning of each year. Then pour in the youthful representatives from all parts of the country, and each with his own peculiarities—some slight, and although noticeable, still not prominent enough to be inconvenient. Others not so fortunate, have from one circumstance and another allowed these striking features in disposition to become too conspicuous ; and it is upon these excrescences that collegians are inclined to perform their manipulations. The question naturally arises, whether any unfortunate is accountable for his peculiarities, and whether students have the right to criticise—much less to attempt correcting these traits. We know that those unacquainted with the mysteries of college life, and who are unable to take an impartial view of the matter, are roused with indignation at the recital of abuses to which some poor fledgeling has been subjected ; and particularly is this the case if the parent or some tender-hearted aunt is the incensed one. But if the parent or relative could for a short time be relieved from personal sympathy, and examine student life in all its phases, we think that our position would be placed in a more favorable light. They must bear in mind that it is not in the College or on the Campus, as in the world, where the road is wide, and if your company is not agreeable, a very simple remedy is to walk elsewhere ; but here we are thrown necessarily, in constant association ; at the table of the boarding-house, at the Chapel, and in the recitation room, do we share the same fare, or occupy the same seat. Now, if at the table we meet the boor, or at recitation are annoyed with the forwardness of some conceited novice, who is desirous of exhibiting his classical lore, or mathematical acuteness, to the infinite disgust of his classmates, it is certainly necessary that some change be wrought. And as our civil code has no enactments against boorishness, or forwardness, it necessarily devolves upon the fellow-student to correct the evil. That this proceeding is always conducted with discretion we do not claim ; but we must take the ground, that no young man is ever wantonly abused, or that human nature, as developed in youth, has ever fallen so low as to delight in the torture of their friendless associates. On the contrary, it has always seemed to us, that youthful character, as particularly moulded by the varied phases and associations of college life, presents some really noble traits. Freed from the restraints of home and the careful guidance of parents, he learns at an early age to judge and act for himself ; and consequently before the usual time, do we notice the development of the man. He is accustomed to think independently of others ; and thus do students constitute of themselves a community—a little world ; a miniature likeness of the great world without. For the preservation of peace and order, regulations are of course necessary.

These are simple in their nature, and easy of observance, only claiming an adherence to the ordinary rules of decency and propriety.. And it is only when these are slighted, that the unpleasant operation of "putting through" is resorted to. The individual is sometimes as tenacious of his disagreeable peculiarities, as if he were suffering for "conscience" sake," and seems to pride himself on "being counted worthy to suffer," and appears to glory in being a martyr to actions, which he seems to hold as sacred as the principles of religion. Space will not allow a further discussion of the peculiar features of college life. But we must acknowledge it as our firm belief, that no unfortunate has ever been intentionally abused by collegians, or suffered without cause. That measures resorted to are not always characterized by moderation, and that the desire to benefit, has resulted sometimes in too vigorous measures, we do not deny. And it is this danger of excess, against which we must guard, and not allow reproach to be cast upon a system that has resulted in the amelioration of so many.

We beg leave to introduce to the public our old friend Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy, the Reader of the "Collegian;" Reader of the Collegian, Mrs. Grundy!

GAMBIER, O., Oct. 15, 1859.

"MESSRS EDITORS:—As my beloved JOHN used to say, 'The times are getting worse.' Now I am naturally a quiet, peaceable, home-loving woman; to be sure I make a friendly visit to my neighbors *sometimes*, but what woman is there that doesn't do that, and do not believe in this gossip about other people, that one hears so much of *if they choose to listen*. But sometimes my patience entirely gives out. Now the other day, as I went to Thursday Evening Services, I met two or three of the students of the Senior Class near the 'Park Gate.' I would not for all the world have listened to what they said, but they sauntered down the walk directly before me, and somehow I was walking just about as fast as they, and could not help hearing unless I had stopped my ears; and who would expect an old lady with a cotton umbrella in one hand, and a red silk handkerchief (since JOHN left this sphere of tribulation I always use his handkerchief,) in the other, to stop her ears.

Well, they went on chattering about this and the other, (they talk about the females chattering, but I would like to see the one that could beat a student,) till finally they said something about *Prezy*. At first I did not understand what they meant; but then I remembered that JOHN had told me once, that that was *the short* for President. I need not say how shocked I was, that students should dare to speak of the venerable director of their studies by such a slang name! It really disturbed my nerves more than if I seen a person walk out of church with his hat on; in fact, it so distracted my attention that I could not listen with any satisfaction to the excellent sermon of Rev. Mr. X——. While I was thinking over this high-handed disrespect, unable to pay attention to the exercises, I could not but notice Miss Z——, who sat directly opposite. They say she's only twenty-five; but she's thirty-five if she's a minute! And that old red bonnet that she wears! I've seen it march out every winter for five years, with a little piece of new

ribbon on it each time ; but some folks *will* be pinch-pennies. Now the bonnet that I wear is one that JOHN made me a present of, ten years ago come Easter ; but then it is a brown one, and brown is such a good color to stand wear you know. Nobody would think to see it, but that it was the latest style.

But here, I have forgot half I was going to say about the students. It is scandalous, the way they behave in Church. They *do* say that they scribble in the Prayer Books, cut their names on the seats, and sometimes even go to sleep ; but these are trifles compared with the way they look across the pews at the young ladies. O ! the morals of this age ! Myself and the other old ladies thought that when the respected 'Officers of the Institution,' some time since ordained the new system of room-marks, that this would materially improve matters, and disturb the moonlight walks and twilight calls, the long winter evening visits and singing parties, which used to turn the heads of both students and young ladies, and furnish scandal for every family in the village, except for us who never have anything to do with it. But alas ! notwithstanding all this has been stopped, the students *will* look across the Church ; and—I blush for my sex—some of the young ladies *do look back at them*. I could hardly believe my eyes, when the other Sunday, having been told of it by several old lady friends of mine the week before, I kept a sharp watch out on both sides of the house. But it is undoubtedly too true. What steps the Faculty will take when this evidence of insubordination comes to their notice, I do not know. Would it not be a good plan to cut off the students from the privilege of attending Church on Sundays, until they make reformation in this particular ? In the meantime, I would advise all those who have the charge of young ladies, to see that they are safe in their rooms at all times except during study-hours, and to have them wear heavy veils at all places at which students are also present.

I wanted in this letter to make mention of those abominable "Secret Societies," which rob inexperienced students of their money, and most undoubtedly introduce them to scenes of the darkest dye. I have been very much troubled, too, by the Latin songs which the young men have been singing lately, which, I am told, when Englished, contain all sorts of horrible sentiments ; but, as I expect my sister-in-law to take tea with me this afternoon, must close for the present.

Your Humble Servant,

POLLY ANN GRUNDY."

We have too long neglected, to notice the "Kenyon Cadets," whose evolutions, last session, were a great feature, in our out-of-door exercises. Several attempts have been made, during the past eight or ten years, by the students of Kenyon, to sustain a military company ; and once or twice, previous to this last effort, have such companies been organized, and for a time, maintained. Last spring, for several weeks, the *Campus* was alive with students who, with "martial tread," followed their "file leader," in the *drill*. Morning, noon, and night, witnessed the repetition of these manœuvres, which bid fair to bring the different *sections* under proper discipline. The novelty of the thing, attracted many, at first, to the ranks, and recruits flocked in,

from College and Grammar School. The constant, and severe exercise, however, consequent to so frequent drills, soon cooled the military enthusiasm, from "fever heat," down to the "freezing point," and to judge from the thinness of the ranks, the mercury sank far below "Zero," before the Session closed. Beside section drills, which were practiced daily, the whole company had a regular weekly parade, Saturday evening. The cause of the disbanding of the company—although it was never formally broken up—arose from the difficulty in procuring arms and uniforms.

Nothing of late years, has infused such spirit into our College, as this military company, with its Hoosier Captain, and its "serried columns," minus the "bristling bayonets;" and it is to be regretted that it so soon lost public favor and patronage. We need some stimulus to physical exercise, for without it, we are too prone to neglect this branch of education, and nothing can be more interesting, and at the same time more improving, than military evolutions. Could uniforms, cheap, but durable, and muskets be procured, with a regular and permanent organization, such an undertaking, ought, and would succeed. We trust that our military ardor has not entirely left us, and that the day is not far distant, when marching and counter-marching, wheeling by sections, and the "right oblique," will again enliven our park; when the stentorian voices of the officers, will be exercised in giving and transmitting commands; and when the "Twenty-Second," and Class Day, and Commencement, will witness a military display, which will be entertaining to strangers and ourselves.

The "meerscham" mania is upon us; and from the fact that Kenyon has so long escaped this, so generally prevalent *disorder*, it has reached us with redoubled force. Seniors, Freshmen, and "Barbarians," are to be seen at all hours of the day, industriously "puffing away," at their "Punches," and "Daniel Websters," through meerscham mouth pieces, and from every side, the query greets our ears, "how is your meerscham coloring?" We are not certain that the fever has extended to the Faculty, but certain it is, that a man who doesn't support a meerscham, is entirely out of fashion. The Editorial Corps possess one of the above mentioned articles—a genuine meerscham, made out of the *foam of the sea*—which is at present undergoing the coloring process. It is beginning to assume a decidedly beautiful tinge, although some one (probably he has paid his subscription to the *Collegian*) has insinuated that our fingers have aided the process. We warn the meerscham devotees, against excessive puffing, lest their faces become the color of their mouth pieces.

"We have received from the publishers, D. APPLETON & Co., New York City, Quackenbos' Natural Philosophy, a neat 12mo. volume of 450 pages. We should judge this work eminently adapted to the purpose for which it was written, as a manual for schools and academies. It of course lacks the abstruse demonstrations of formulæ which Olmstead's work contains—adapted as it is, to be used as a text book in universities and colleges—but in fullness of explanation, perspicuity of statement, and variety of practical applications, it is unequalled by any book with which we are acquainted. The illustrations are numerous and superior in finish to those of most works on this speciality.

There is, it seems to us, a great falling off in the number of our exchanges. Have they forgotten us, or "yielded to the pressure of the times?" The following are upon our table: The Yale Literary Magazine; The Harvard Magazine; The Nassau Literary Magazine; The Western Churchman; and The Mount Vernon Banner.